



*Meby So Old Tabby*

The summer of 1901, Tabby died and there was a great funeral held for the old chief. To start him on his journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds, five of his best horses were killed by twisting a loop around their noses so that no blood would be shed. Three sacks of wheat were placed in the grave with other food, a frying pan, coffee pot, gun, knife, saddle, bridle, everything appertaining to a pleasant trip. After the burial his wagon was pulled onto the grave and burned. Seymour Severe asked one of the Indians what would become of Tabby's squaws. The Indian replied, "Brankets (blankets) good enough for them."

About all that was required in those days to make a ranch was a team, wagon, plow, harrow and a sharp ax. Many of the old ranches were fenced with buck or rip gut fence. There was an abundance of grass on the range with thousands of sheep and cattle and mustang horses to graze, tromp and destroy until today the same region is little better than a dust bowl.

We have heard many times that a dead Indian was a good Indian, but a contented Indian was a good Indian. A contented one is one whose belly is full. I fed Old Wash one time with food until he could not walk. He would get down on his knees, cling to his wagon wheels and say, 'maybe me die.' I was afraid he